



*The GARDENER and his DOG.*

ONE day a Gardener's fav'rite dog,  
 His master lost, and in a fog,  
 (How hard for poetry to tell)  
 Dropt plump into an open Well :  
 The Gardener instantly descended,  
 With gloomy hopes and fears attended,  
 Put forth his gen'rous hand, no doubt,  
 To help poor sinking *Towzer* out ;

The

FABLES

The Dog suppos'd wh  
 Was instrumental to h  
 (For there are, let me  
 Who do allow that D  
 And not confidering h  
 He bit his master's fin  
 Nay, says the Gard'ne  
 Sink or swim, *Towzer*

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Kind offices are throw  
 On those who under  
 Whate'er you do, wha  
 All obligation is fo

REFLE

Some know not wh  
 And some are for good

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